

Before the Spark

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by [AxolKat42](#)

Summary

This is a collection of memories from Siren Sparky's past prior to the first chapter of The Underground Circuit. Chapters will be released whenever I finish them. Before you ask, yes work on the Underground Circuit will be done, but it's gonna take a while due to recent events that I will not mention here.

The sound of a heart monitor beeped into the ears of a teen laying still on a hospital bed. Their eyes were closed but they could still faintly see the light behind their eyelids. Slowly, they opened their eyes and saw the bright lights of a hospital room. Skylor wasn't having an easy time trying to remember how they got there. The last thing they remembered was their aunt taking them to see a boxing match. Or at least they thought it was boxing, because they swore that one of the boxers in that fight had brought a wooden staff into the ring.

It still didn't answer the question of how they got there though. Skylor slowly started to sit up on their bed, looking around to see where they were. The room barely had any color apart from a few pale shades of blue and maybe a little teal. Strapped around their face was an oxygen mask pumping air into their lungs. They also felt bandages lightly wrapped around the right half of their face, their chest, and most of their right arm.

Speaking of their arm, something about it didn't feel right. When they tried to clutch onto their blanket only their left hand would feel it. They looked down to where their right arm was and found out exactly why they couldn't feel their arm. Their arm was completely gone, or at least most of it was gone. Their shoulder and maybe a fifth of their amputated arm was wrapped in off-white bandages.

It was weird not being able to feel their arm, but Skylor was more concerned about how they got to this point in the first place. "*Think Skylor, think.*" They thought to themselves. "*What were you doing before you suddenly blacked out?*" Then it finally clicked with them.

They don't know how it happened but somewhere during the final round, the building had gone up into flames. The last thing they remembered before passing out from the smoke was getting their arm trapped in a broken door as they screamed out in fear. Yeah, it's probably for the best if they stop thinking about that. Definitely explains the missing arm and the bandages, but what about her aunt? Where was she?

Skylor couldn't move around much, or at least they couldn't move around with all the machinery hooked up to them. They turned their head to the right and saw someone sitting on a chair next to them, seemingly sleeping. He was a rather tall and bulky man with dark skin and a dark green hoodie. They never remembered meeting him before, but he seemed familiar. He was still rather intimidating to the kid. A part of them felt like waking him up to see if maybe he could explain to them what happened, but they didn't want to disturb him. Maybe someone else is around that they could talk to.

There wasn't much else to do so they decided to let their mind wander. They already sorta figured out how they ended up here, but that just led to even more questions. When would they be able to go home? Would they even be able to go home? And where... Where was their aunt?

Before they could think too much about it, they heard someone next to them trying to get their attention with a simple "Hey kid." They looked to where the voice came from and saw that the tall man had woken up. "I see you finally woke up."

"I could say the same thing about you." Skylor thought to themselves. They were about to say it out loud when they suddenly went into a coughing fit.

"Woah, easy there kiddo." The man placed a hand on their back in an attempt to help them stop. "You were out for quite a while, I think you still need some time to recover."

Once Skylor's coughing fit had mostly died down, they had a couple questions that needed answering. "Wh-who are you?" They managed to breath out.

"I'm Mr.Sandman, soon to be champion of the WVBA." He said in a semi joking tone. "But you can just call me Jeremiah."

Now that they heard his name, it finally clicked as to why he was so familiar. This was one of the same guys in that boxing match their aunt brought them to. Speaking of which, that led to another question the teen had.

"Where's my aunt?" They asked in confusion.

Sandman went rather quiet when he heard that question, his face stone cold. This was not a good sign at all. He started to speak again with a bit of a somber tone. "Did she by any chance wear a blue sweater?" When Skylor nodded their head, he sighed with a heavy heart. "Unfortunately, she was one of the few bodies that were recovered after the flames were put out."

Skylor just sat there in silence contemplating what they had just heard. They knew fire was deadly, but they didn't think their aunt would actually die. Right as they were about to panic, Sandman got their attention once again. "You happen to have anyone who lives here that might be able to take you in?" He asked curiously.

The kid had no idea so they simply shrugged their shoulders. Sandman started to think for a moment, and in a brief moment it looked like a light bulb had gone off in his head. "Now kid, you don't have to agree to this but..." He paused for a moment in contemplation before continuing. "Are you ok with me taking you under my wing?"

Skylor was a bit skeptical with this idea. "Do you promise not to hurt me?" They asked a bit quietly.

Sandman chuckled and held out his pretty large hand out to the kid, seemingly offering them a handshake. "I don't plan on it, if anything I would try to teach you how to fight back."

Despite the oxygen mask obscuring their mouth, Sandman could see a bit of a determined smile on the kid's face. "Then you got my interest." They placed their left hand into his hand in an agreement.

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